THE SCOTT COUNTY NEWSBOY.

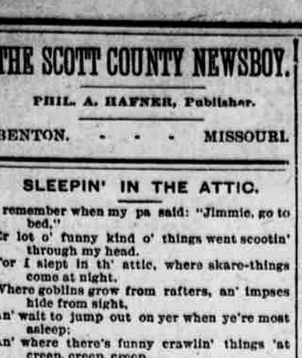
PHIL. A. HAFNER, Publisher.

BENTON. - - - MISSOURI.

SLEEPIN' IN THE ATTIC.

I remember when my pa said: "Jimmie, go to bed,"
Er lot o' funny kind o' things went scootin' through my head.
For I slept in th' attic, where skare-things come at night,
Where goblins grow from rafters, an' impses hide from sight,
An' wait to jump out on yer when ye're most asleep;
An' where there's funny crawlin' things 'at creep, creep, creep
Up on th' bed, an' grab yer throat, an' make yer cry and groan,
All jes' because yer have to sleep up attic all alone.
An' I remember pa said he thought most any kid
'Ould like to sleep up attic, leastwise he always did.
An' when yer hear the rats er runnin' round at night,
An' yer think perhaps they's bogie men with long white teeth 'at bite;
An' then the moon comes in an' lays er white streak on th' floor,
An' yer go ter sleep an' dream about th' bogie men some more,
An' the cobwebs on the rafters look like fairy castles—most—
An' yer think perhaps the moonlight is Jimmie Nolan's ghost—
For Jimmie when he worked here said 'at ghosts lived in th' house,
An' they was big er little like the moonshine er a mouse.
An' so I tuck my head down where the bogie men can't see,
Right in th' bed, an' that's th' way fer little folks like me.
An' once at night, I know, I see a funny thing an' screamed,
An' pa come up an' laughed, an' said he guessed I only dreamed;
But it wa'n't er dream at all, I know, fer over by th' wall
Er yeller man hung by his neck, an' he was awful tall,
An' he kept movin' back an' forth an' kicked his legs at me;
An' pa said in the mornin' if I'd look there I would see
'Twas jes' th' yeller corn 'at hung a dryin', nothin' more;
Then he went out with th' candle an' shut th' attic door.
An' then I see him shake again, the yeller man, an' crawl,
Er hangin' by his neck there in th' dark upon th' wall;
An' then I tucked my head down in th' clothes an' couldn't see,
An' th' first I knew 'twas mornin' an' pa was callin' me.

—Walter M. Hazeltine, in Housekeeper.



MISS MARGARET was reading the evening paper. It was not often she had such a privilege. Neighbor Brown's people were away for a day; so Miss Margaret could have the first reading of the news. Usually she took it a day old.

Someway the good things of life had always come a day late to Miss Margaret, or else not at all. Perhaps that was the reason why her face, which had been handsome once and full of promise, had such sharp lines about the mouth. It was a thin, angular face, and the scant, straight hair above it, which used to be so black, was streaked with gray.

At the other side of the small round table sat Miss Margaret's sister Harriet, placidly knitting. If her face bore fewer traces of disappointment than Margaret's, it was not because she had had more of the joys of life. Perhaps it was because she had expected less. Harriet Staples had been called a very plain girl; but now hers was a pleasant face to look upon, round and peaceful, the touch of rose color in the cheeks contrasting prettily with the snowy whiteness of her soft, heavy hair. The eyes were pleasant and friendly; at the corners of the mouth were the little wrinkles that come from smiles, and, altogether, the face was very lovable.

Yet these two sisters had lived their lives and grown old together. For forty years they had not been separated for a single night. For forty years and more they had had the same things to worry over, and to be glad about, the same sorrows and the same simple pleasures.

Suddenly the paper dropped from Miss Margaret's hands and she looked up at Harriet, her pale face almost ghastly.

"What is it, sister?"

"Bob Barton's dead!"

"You don't say!"

Even Miss Harriet's calm face showed signs of agitation, and her hand shook as she reached for the paper.

There were only two lines of it. Robert Barton had been found dead that morning, in the little room which was the only home he had known for forty years.

The paper had lost all attractions for Miss Margaret, and Harriet's stocking fell to the floor unheeded. The room was very still—only the little old clock ticking in the corner, and the purring of the great, gray cat on his cushion.

Outside, in the street, people were passing to and fro. Sometimes their voices were loud and penetrating, but the sisters did not hear them. They were back in the long ago, when handsome Bob Barton used to spend an evening, now and then, in this same sitting-room, which in all these years had never quite lost the glory of his presence.

By and by two tears forced themselves from Harriet's eyes. She wiped them away hastily, and glanced furtively at her sister. Margaret had not seen the tears, and her face wore such a softened look that Harriet ventured to speak.

"Father used to set such store by him!" she said, softly. "'Twas you he always used to come to see. I always knew that."

"Me? 'Twan't neither! Everybody knew he wanted you—if it hadn't been for his miserable father!"

"O sister! don't say that," pleaded Miss Harriet, her pretty old cheeks wet with tears which now she did not try to hide. "I'm sure we all thought 'twas you. He always looked at you the whole evening."

"But he talked to you. And didn't he give you that shell box?"

"But he brought you flowers."

Poor women! For the first time in all their lives they spoke the one thought that had meant more to them than everything else. Even Bob Barton's name had never passed their lips since that day when the news came that it was disgraced forever by his father's crime. They knew, in a way, what had come to him—that he had felt the disgrace as only a sensitive soul can feel; that, with hopes and ambitions blighted, he had passed the fifteen years of his father's imprisonment in bitter loneliness; and that his life since then had been devoted to the broken old man, who came out from the prison walls enfeebled in mind and body and helpless as a child.

"He must 'a' been awful poor!" Miss Harriet spoke again, after a long silence.

"Yes, I s'pose he was."

"I don't believe there's enough for a decent buryin'."

"I don't believe there is."

There was silence again. The gray cat wakened, yawned and stretched himself; then he jumped down from his cushion and rubbed his sleek sides against Miss Harriet. She did not notice him, and he, surprised at such unusual neglect, stalked to the door and requested, after his fashion, to be let out. Miss Harriet rose mechanically, picked up her knitting and opened the door. She sat down again and slipped the yarn over her finger, but at the first stitch her hands dropped idly in her lap. The old clock ticked on. The noises in the street had ceased. The fire was out and the room cold; but still the sisters sat there, unmindful of all save the past. Finally, after much fidgeting in her chair and many uneasy glances at her sister, after opening her mouth only to close it again, Miss Harriet broke the silence.

"Sister?"

Her voice had a half-frightened quaver in it.

"Well?"

Miss Margret's tone was so much less sharp than usual that Harriet took courage and went on.

"Why, you know that money we've saved, in case we should get sick or anything?"

Harriet paused to note the effect of her words.

"Well?"

There was no surprise in the tone, no change in the pale face.

"Why, seems to me we could get on; it only took us ten years to save it, and we ain't very old—and—and—we're pretty healthy—and we can be more savin' if we try. We don't need that carpet much; and we can get along without them new dresses—mine hain't been turned but once."

"Well, what do you want to do?"

Miss Margaret's tones were sharp enough now. It irritated her to have Harriet so long in coming to a point which had been evident to her from the beginning. But it was something that she did not exclaim at once against the spending of their carefully hoarded fund, and Harriet went on bravely:

"Why, I'd thought mebby we could take that money and bury him decent—and—"

"And what?"

"And get a little headstone." Harriet's voice had sunk almost to a whisper. "Father thought so much of him, you know."

Again there was silence. Miss Margaret rose, folded and laid by her work, locked the door, wound the clock and took up the lamp.

"Come to bed," she said. "It's half-past ten."

They put out the light and went to bed. If they slept or waked, if they shed tears in the darkness, if their poor hearts ached with the pain of forty years ago, they did not tell each other of it

They were astir early next morning. The September sun had hardly begun to warm the world when their scanty breakfast was over, the dishes washed and put away, the old carpet swept and the room dusted.

Miss Margaret came out of the tiny bedroom with her bonnet on.

"Where are you going?"

Harriet looked up, surprised; she usually did the errands.

"I'm going to ask Mr. Morgan to see to things for the funeral. I'm the oldest, and it's proper I should do it. You'd better put on your other dress, an' go an' get that money out of the bank."

And so the matter was settled; and poor old Bob Barton, who had died alone, and left not a relative in the world, nor a cent of money, instead of

STILL THE TWO SISTERS SAT THERE.

being laid in a pauper's grave, was decently buried, and followed to his last resting place by two sincere mourners.

When the expenses were all paid, the sisters found their little sum reduced more than they had anticipated.

"We can go without our roast beef Sunday," Harriet suggested, timidly.

"Yes, and tea once a day's enough for anybody," Margaret answered.

So, without a word of regret, or a thought of yielding their project, the sisters made their sacrifices, and then they went to give their order. After all, their money would procure only the simplest of simple stones; but they were satisfied.

"What's the inscription?" asked the man in attendance, when the stone had been selected.

Harriet turned helplessly to Margaret, and Margaret looked blankly at Harriet. Neither of them had thought of that.

"Why—his name—I suppose," Miss Margaret began.

"No, sister, don't," pleaded Harriet. "Let's wait and talk it over and come again."

And so they walked slowly home. They had a way—these sisters—of not speaking until they had thought a thing out, each for herself. Miss Harriet lighted the fire when they reached home, and made the tea, while her sister set the cups and plates on the table, sliced the bread and put on the wee bit of butter. It was a chilly evening, but they put on their shawls and let the fire go down. There was no paper to read to-night; so they both knitted. Margaret worked steadily, but Harriet stopped now and then in an absent-minded way, and she passed over more than one dropped stitch without seeing it. It was she, of course, who finally broke the silence.

"I can't bear to have that name go on," she said, "even if it was his. He never disgraced it."

"But whoever heard of a tombstone without any name on it?"

"Well, we could put on his first name—and—and—a verse of poetry, mebby, or somethin' from the Scriptures."

"Harriet Staples! Poetry! The idea! It ain't befittin'—and you know it. Nor yet Scripture. He was a good man, but we don't know nothing about his religion. It don't suit, somehow. I guess it'll have to be jest the name—Robert."

"That sounds kind o' cold like." Miss Harriet hesitated. "Nobody ever called him that. Couldn't we have the other—Bob—you know?"

"No, we couldn't!" snapped Miss Margaret. "We ain't goin' to have no nick-names on that stone."

Harriet said no more, and the next day they gave their order. Miss Margaret was even more quiet than usual during the remainder of the day, and when night came she went to bed earlier than was her custom. In the morning, when Harriet awoke, she was startled to find her sister gone. She kindled the fire, wondering what could have taken Margaret out so early. By the time breakfast was ready her anxiety had increased to such an extent that she was in the act of putting on her own bonnet to go in search of her, when the door opened and Margaret appeared. She looked cold and blue, and her thin lips were shut slightly together.

"Is anything the matter, sister?" Harriet asked. "Where have you been?"

"Of course there ain't anything the matter. Can't I go out for a little without your gettin' riled up?"

"I was afraid somethin' had happened to you."

"Guess I can take care of myself. Seems to me I smell somethin' burnin'."

"It's the toast!"

Harriet turned meekly to the stove. She asked no more questions. Margaret kept her own counsel, and life in the little cottage went on as monotonously as ever.

It was a cold, bleak day in early November. There was not a bit of greenness left anywhere; the frosts had

"I'M GLAD WE DID IT, ANYWAY."

been early and severe. Even the bright-tinted leaves had fallen from the trees, and the whole landscape was brown and dreamy. In the old cemetery, where the hill slopes gently to the south, stood two women, looking down upon a grave. The wind blew Miss Margaret's scant skirts about her ankles, and puffed out Miss Harriet's shawl behind, like a balloon. Miss Margaret's face was cold and pinched, with the thin wisps of hair blowing about it, and Harriet's bonnet was askew, and her nose reddened by the wind. Some people were passing. A pretty girl in a party giggled and said something to the others about the "two old maids." But the sisters were alike unconscious of the grotesqueness of their appearance and the pathos of the white stone that marked an old man's grave with its one word—"*Bob.*"

"Why, sister!" Miss Harriet looked alarmed. "Why, he's made a mistake! We told him Robert."

"No, 'tain't a mistake," Margaret answered. "I told him to change it—you were so set against Robert. And it does look more natural," she added, after a moment. "We always called him that."

Nothing more was said, and presently they turned away. They walked home silently. Once Harriet spoke. There were tears on her cheeks; Margaret had seen them, and Harriet's tones were apologetic.

"I always knew 'twas you he come to see, sister; I always knew it."

"'Twan't no such thing, Harriet Staples!"

"Well, I'm glad we did it, anyway. Father thought so much of him."—N. E. Magazine.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Of all virtues, justice is the best; valor without it is a common pest.—Waller.

—Miss Elderly—"I shall never marry." Laura—"Probably not; but you made a brave fight."—Life.

—Judge—"What's the charge against this prisoner?" Officer—"Didn't know he was loaded your honor."—Somerville Journal.

—Minister—"Good evening, sonny! Is Brother Hapenny at home?" Brother Hapenny's Son—"Course! Don't ye see us all outside th' house?"—Plaindealer.

—Teacher—"Now, Robbie, you may tell us when the days are longest." Robbie—"When we have to carry coal instead of goin' skatin'."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—"Mamma," said Tommy, "how old are you?" "O, I'm eighteen," said mamma, who had seen thirty. "Say, mamma," said Tommy, "ain't you sorter shrinking?"—Harper's Bazar.

—"Did you fall into the lake this summer, Bobbie?" "Nope—just the other way. I took a little tin cup out with me, and several times part of the lake fell into me."—Harper's Young People.

—Scientist (at railroad restaurant)—'Do you know, sir, that rapid eating is slow suicide?" Drummer—"It may be; but on this road slow eating is starvation."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Jinks—"There is one drawback to these self-made men that they usually overlook." Filkins—"What is it?" Jinks—"They're seldom able to select their materials."—Puck.

—"When a man has attained the wisdom of years," asked the youth, "he loses his foolish belief in omens, does he not?" "He loses," said the sage, "his belief in the good ones."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A tragedian recently playing Richard III. in a small Kentucky town was waited on after the show by an honest farmer, who said that "if the genel'm who wanted a horse was still in the same mind he would like to make a dicker with him."—Truth.

—Dejected Youth—"I would like to return this engagement ring I purchased here a few days ago." Jeweler—"Didn't it suit the young lady?" Dejected Youth—"Yes; but another young man had already given her one just like it, and I would like to exchange it for a wedding present."—Tit-Bits.

—A judge, in crossing the Irish channel one stormy night, knocked against a well-known witty lawyer, who was suffering terribly from seasickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the judge. "Yes,', gasped the seasick lawyer, "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."—White Mountain Echo.

HE FELT GRATEFUL.

Though He Wasn't Wealthy, He Gave Freely of That Which He Had.

For five or six minutes the other afternoon a patrolman stood at the foot of Woodward avenue, alongside of a young man who had a satchel in his hand, and was waiting for a ferry boat. At length, as the officer started to saunter away, the young man handed him a cigar and said:

"Thanks! I'll always remember your kindness."

"What is it?" queried the bluecoat, as he hesitated over the cigar.

"Take it—take two of 'em! I'm a man who can appreciate a favor"

"But I—I——"

"That's all right—take three of 'em. I've traveled over most of this country, and know a man when I see him."

"Will you explain yourself!" asked the officer as he closely regarded the stranger to see if he was drunk or crazy.

"Certainly. Here I am, a perfect stranger to you. You have the right to walk up and crack me with your club, and ask who in thunder I am, and what I am hanging around here for. You could take my satchel and fling it into the river, and you could drag me to a dungeon cell and keep me immured for years and years. Have you done anything of the sort?"

"As to that——" began the officer, but the young man brought out two more cigars and said:

"Take the whole five! I haven't much wealth, but I want to show my gratitude as best I can. You, sir, are one of nature's noblemen, and though I live for the next fifty years I shall never forget you. Instead of cracking me over the head and then jumping on my unconscious body with both feet and dragging me to the station over the cobblestones, you have acted the part of a gentleman, and a man who respects the rights of others. Sir, let me again assure you that I shall never forget this consideration on your part. Officer, farewell!"

He made a break for the boat and was lost to view, and after thinking it over for five minutes the officer pocketed the cigars and growled:

"Something wrong there somewhere If I ever see him again I'll run him in for his gratitude."—Detroit Free Press

JUMPING HURDLES.

A Dangerous Pastime that Requires Much Practice.

In jumping hurdles the one thing which is imperative is not to jump them. Hurdle racing has become entirely an artificial sport. It was discovered that by taking off from one foot and landing on the other, and by covering the ten yards between each hurdle in three strides, the hurdles could be run over, instead of jumped, and it was also discovered that the man who couldn't perform this acrobatic feat was not in the same hunt with the man who could. A long jumper with a turn of speed has a much better chance of becoming a good hurdler than a high jumper. It is a pastime which requires much practice. You must harden your shins and keep as near to the top bar of the hurdle as you can. If you are clearing the hurdles by too much, you must practice by leaving part of the skin of your leg on the top bar.

A famous hurdle racer, H. K. Upcher, of Oxford, who by assiduous practice brought the surmounting, one could hardly call it the clearing, of hurdles to the highest point of perfection, was in the habit of bumping each hurdle in practice to make sure he was not going too high, and of going through the top rail when it was movable, and sometimes when it was not, in order to be quite certain that there was nothing unnecessary to spare.—Fortnightly Review.

Hang, or Marry.

In the feudal days of Scotland, when noblemen thought it no disgrace to steal their neighbors' cattle, a baron protected his vassals from the aristocratic cattle-lifted by hanging outright those taken red-hand, without waiting for the slow process of the law. When Sir William Scott was a young Border laird he made one night a foray on Sir Gideon Murray's lands. While driving off a herd of cattle he was caught, and being brought before Sir Gideon, ordered to be hanged. Hanging a cattle-thief was such an everyday affair that Sir Gideon went about his ordinary business. But his wife, hearing that a handsome youth of a good family was to be executed, sought her husband, and indignantly exclaimed:

"Hoot, Gideon, what do I hear? You tak' the life of the winsome young laird of Harden, wi' three ill-faured lassies in the house o' yer ain to marry?" "Ye're recht, Maggie, my dear," replied the baron, grasping the situation. "Wullie shall tak' our muckle-mou'd Meg, or else he'll stretch for it." The helpless prisoner consented, and, much to his father's surprise, returned home with a bride from the neighbor's house he had ridden out to harry.—Youth's Companion.

—A timid person is frightened before a danger: a coward during the time; and a courageous person afterward.—Richter.

Where the Trouble Began.

Cholly Lighthead—Bah Jove! Miss Emerson, I believe I could *make* you love me if I had a mind to.

Miss Emerson—No doubt you are right. It is intellect which I adore above all things, and I have always deplored the absence of it on your part.—Brooklyn Life

INDUSTRIAL AND STATISTICAL.

RAISING peppermint is the leading industry of Wayne county, N. Y.

THE coal production of 1892 in the United States was valued at $27,566,000.

IT is estimated that there are 75,000,000 dogs of all kinds in the United States.

THE knife of the assassin in Italy closes the career of 30 persons out of every 10,000.

THE manufactured products of Great Britain amount to about $4,100,000,000 a year.

ACCORDING to a French authority, the proportion of killed to the number of travelers is in France 1 to 19,000,000; England 1 to 28,000,000, and in this country 1 to 2,400,000.

THE Brooklyn bridge cars carried 128,741 more passengers during September than the same month in 1893. On account of the recent reduction in fare the receipts were $3,039 less.

IN England there are 114 widows to every 54 widowers. In Italy the relative numbers (per 1,000 women and 1,000 men) are 136 and 60; in France, 139 and 73; in Germany, 130.5 and 50; in Austria, 121 and 44.

EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE.

DENMARK has determined to thoroughly examine the Greenland and Iceland seas during the summers of 1895 and 1896. Commander Wandell will have charge of the expedition.

ARTIFICIAL whalebone is now being made from leather, which is soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, then stretched, slowly dried, subjected to a high temperature and then to a heavy pressure, which makes it hard and elastic.

A SHORT time ago a physician recommended that cologne water be inhaled through the nose and mouth for curing short colds in the head and chest. Fifty drops on a handkerchief inhaled four or five times a day is said to have a good effect.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.	Nov. 26.		1894.
CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 25	@	5 00
COTTON—Middling	....	@	5¾
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 85	@	3 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	57½	@	58½
CORN—No. 2	58	@	58½
OATS—No. 2	33½	@	34½
PORK—New Mess	13 50	@	14 00
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	5¼
BEEVES—Shipping Steers	5 00	@	5 75
Medium	4 45	@	5 35
HOGS—Fair to Select	4 25	@	4 65
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 60	@	3 70
FLOUR—Patents	2 80	@	3 05
Fancy to Extra do	2 00	@	2 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	....	@	50½
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	44¾
OATS—No. 2	....	@	30
RYE—No. 2	40	@	52
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 50	@	10 00
Leaf Burley	7 00	@	16 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	9 00	@	11 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	17	@	22
EGGS—Fresh	15	@	17
PORK—Standard Mess (New)	12 50	@	12 62½
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	7¼
LARD—Prime Steam	6¼	@	6¾
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	4 00	@	6 25
HOGS—Fair to Choice	4 15	@	4 75
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	1 75	@	3 00
FLOUR—Winter Patents	2 50	@	2 70
Spring Patents	3 00	@	3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	57½	@	57¾
No. 2 Red	59½	@	59½
CORN—No. 2	....	@	40
OATS—No. 2	....	@	27½
PORK—Mess (new)	12 10	@	12 37½
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 25	@	5 50
HOGS—All Grades	4 20	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	48
OATS—No. 2	30	@	30½
CORN—No. 2	41	@	41¾
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	2 80	@	3 00
CORN—No. 2	51	@	52
OATS—Western	....	@	30½
HAY—Choice	15 00	@	15 50
PORK—New Mess	13 12½	@	13 25
BACON—Sides	....	@	7¾
COTTON—Middling	....	@	5¾
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	53	@	54
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	55	@	56
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	32	@	33¼
PORK—New Mess	12 50	@	13 00
BACON—Clear Rib	7¼	@	7¾
COTTON—Middling	....	@	5¾

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

—As there was no president to receive foreign ministers! or to give instructions to the ministers of the United Colonies, this duty devolved on congress, and there is, among other things, an account of the reception of the Dutch minister in 1783, with his remarks and the reply of the president of congress. In the same year congress adopted a list of "ceremonies to be observed at the first audience of foreign ministers with congress." When Marquis de Lafayette returned to France in 1778 congress gave him a letter commending him to his king. Congress carried on a correspondence with the king of France without an intermediary.

"Was there a party here to look at the house?" Snapp—"Well, I don't know what you might think, but he seemed to me to be a regular picnic."—Inter Ocean.

"Mrs. Snobby has a great deal of style." "She has! Mercy, I wonder whose it is?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

IT takes more courage to endure than it does to act.—Ram's Horn.

WE cannot do any man a greater wrong than to misjudge him.—Ram's Horn.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins, I see your boy has left college." "Yes." "What's he in?" "Debt."—Harper's Bazar.

PARKER (at the football game)—"Tame sort of a show, isn't it?" Barker—"Tame! You're the first man I've heard express that opinion." Parker—"Maybe I'm not in the humor to appreciate it. I became a member of the stock exchange a month ago."—Truth.